

SUBSCRIBE  
TODAY

# THE CITIZEN.

AN INDEPENDENT  
WEEKLY

50c a Year.

Devoted to the Interests of the Home, School, and Farm.

50c a Year

VOL. I.

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1900.

NO. 35.

## THE CITIZEN

T. G. PASCO,

EDITOR AND MANAGER.

Published at the office of

THE CITIZEN, Berea, Ky.

Entered at the Post-office at Berea, Ky., as second-class mail matter.

### Zekel Makes Some General Remarks to Reuben.

Now Reuben, I've got some things to say  
And yet may be I shouldn't  
I kind of thought some times I wouldn't  
Then kind of thought I wouldn't  
It's about this stay in 'out o' nights,  
Them cards and moderate drinkin',  
Now them the devil's easy chairs,  
And there he sets a winkin'.

It's not to be a sermon, Reuben,  
I'm not the Lord's anointed;  
And so the heads of my discourse  
May be somewhat disjointed;  
Just kind of mixed like shine and shower;  
Like changeable April weather,  
But just take time to pick 'em up  
And put 'em straight together.

And first what's good in whisky, Reuben,  
When things seem to undo you,  
It only makes bad matters worse  
When two bad things pursue you.  
Just look your hard luck in the face,  
It hurts, but grin and bear it,  
For men of grit 'll win the race  
And own the world or share it.

We can't all be like Washington,  
And do great things as he did  
And dady all this mighty land,  
For but one daddy was needed:  
Besides if all were just like him,  
Then all men would be equal  
And who the deuce would like to hear  
The el'quent thoughts of Zekel.

We cannot all be architects  
God doesn't think we ought to,  
For some must hew and haul the stones  
And some must tote the mortar;  
But if the labor that you do  
Don't seem so consequential  
As what some other fellow does  
It may be as essential.

Now Reuben, when hard luck comes your way  
Just once try this experiment:  
Go hunt some jovial neighbor up  
And take a dose of merriment;  
You'll be surprised how quick the load  
Is lightened that you carry.  
The devil's blue that tortured you  
Can't bide with man that's merry.

I own I hain't a bit of use  
For men who have no laughter;  
They're tombstones lookin' round for graves  
While the funeral's comin' after.  
I feel when one of them comes round  
A Western blizzard on me,  
While little aerie circles come  
And creep all up and down me.

But shun the shining liquor, Reuben,  
It's Satan's own temptation,  
For gin and sin are next of kin  
And crime's a close relation;  
So bear life's burden like a man,  
Do right and shun the evil  
And in the end you'll conquer sure  
The world, the flesh, the devil.

C. M. LAUTSMANN.

### The Wide World.

Reports from South Africa are still more discouraging to the people of England. Gen. Buller has made three unsuccessful attempts to relieve Ladysmith, and a fourth attempt is about to be made. Gen. Joubert has himself led an army against Gen. Buller and it seems probable that the latter will be forced to fall back and leave the city to its fate. English papers now agree that the situation now in Africa has been unparalleled since the time when Lord Corwallis was shut up in Yorktown by the Americans. As a result the people of Great Britain are greatly concerned over the continued reverses and hope for great things of Lord Roberts, now in supreme command.

### State and County.

The situation in Kentucky is not as suggestive of civil war as it was last week. The case of the Republicans has been presented in Federal Court at Cincinnati and is now being heard. Hostilities are suspended temporarily though the Democratic wing of the Legislature still meets in Louisville and goes through the mockery of doing business even though without a quorum at times. Gov. Taylor announces that he is taking it easy and not crossing bridges until he comes to them. The situation looks more favorable to the Republicans now than it did last week.

The Southern Railway will build its proposed Burgin extension through Lancaster if the citizens of that vicinity can raise a bonus of \$25,000 to pay for the right of way.

Capt. J. Speed Smith, a prominent citizen of Madison county, died last Thursday morning at his home in Richmond.

Civil Service Examinations are to be held at Louisville, March 16 and April 17; Lexington, April 15; Owensboro, April 14; Danville, April 20; Covington, April 4.

### PERSONAL.

Mrs. J. Burdette was ill last week. Dr. Martin, of Kingston, was in town Monday. William Fugate, of Gum Sulphur, was in town Monday.

R. H. Chrisman and wife arrived here last Monday for a short visit.

Prof. L. V. Dodge went to Richmond on College business yesterday.

R. R. Harris was here over Sunday, returning Monday to his home at Whites.

James Fields, of Ohio, arrived yesterday for a visit with his nephew, Ralph Fields.

Mrs. Nixon returned Friday, after an extended visit with relatives at Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

J. Leonard Peters returned last week from Cincinnati, after having his eyes treated.

Mrs. B. C. Richardson came up from Conway last Saturday, and is visiting with the Misses Richardson.

D. F. White, of Richmond, spent several days here the past week, on business for his investment company.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Coyle left last Saturday for a visit with their son, Charles, and family, at Fort Rittner, Ind.

Dr. R. H. Lewis was here from Wildie on business yesterday. He reports that small-pox cases there are improving.

Mrs. S. G. Jones, of Waco, returned yesterday to her home after a two weeks' visit with her nephew, C. M. White.

W. D. Sharp and wife, of Union Mills went home yesterday, after visiting for a few days with their nephew, J. C. Sharp, and family.

Harry Todd, a former resident of Berea, was in town last week to attend the funeral of his father, Madison Todd. Harry is now located in Leslie county.

Rev. George Ames left Monday for St. Louis, where he will receive medical treatment. He expects to be gone some time, but his stay is conditioned upon his improvement in health.

F. L. Dickinson left yesterday for Richmond, where he will coach the C. U. ball team the coming season. Several C. U. boys were in town Saturday and succeeded in enticing him away.

Rev. and Mrs. M. K. Pasco left yesterday for Pleasant Hill, Tenn., where they are to conduct a series of special meetings among the students of the Academy there. They will probably visit Chattanooga before their return.

### LOCALS.

Horse for sale. CITIZEN office.

For sale—two bicycles at \$20 and \$12—at CITIZEN office.

The editor spent Wednesday and Thursday visiting Rockcastle people in the interest of the CITIZEN.

Frank Jones, who keeps store at Scaffold Cane, has built a store at Boone's Gap Switch, and will soon be ready for business.

There are several cases of small-pox at Wildie, in the families of James Parsons and W. H. Jones. The disease is quite severe in some cases but seems to be under control.

Mrs. Rosa Hays died last Thursday after being sick for some time. There had been smallpox in the family, but it is now reported that her death was caused by some other trouble.

Last week were held a series of prayer-meetings, one each night at 6:30, being conducted by some member of the faculty. The attendance was good and considerable interest was shown.

Berea has a night operator for the present, at least. The operator at Wildie has the small-pox and so that place is cut out temporarily. A night man was sent here Monday and began work at once.

Middlesborough is now confident of the near approach of a year of prosperity such as she has not had for several years. Many of the business houses there are preparing for a large increase of business this year.

The approach to the stairway leading to the offices in the Hanson Building has been put in good shape by the College. Now let some other property owners on Main street do a little work on their sidewalks before someone steps on a loose board and brings a damage suit for injury received.

Mud everywhere. There are four pikes which meet in Berea at the corner of Main and Chestnut streets, and on them it is possible to travel in considerable comfort for long distances. It is a disgrace therefore that all the streets in town except Main are almost impassable. Something to remedy this condition needs to be done at once.

The bleat of lambs on the hillside and the peep of young chickens on the sunny side of the farm house are evidently indications of the approaching spring. The farmer is preparing for another crop, and "grubbing, fencing, and rail-splitting" is the order of the day. The faithful house-wife is kept busy cooking and serving as the occasion demands.

Don't irritate your lungs with a stubborn cough when a pleasant and effective remedy may be found in COUSSEN'S HONEY OF TAR. Price 25 and 50 cents. S. E. Welch Jr.

## A PROCLAMATION OF

ECONOMY for the Fall and Winter  
Season in Men's and Boys' Fine  
Stylish Made

## CLOTHING!

WE are prepared to cloth you with the Lowest-priced, rightly made, absolutely all-wool Clothing in America. Rightly-made, as it is of famous "Vitals" Brand the only ready-to-wear Clothing Tailored on a strictly scientific basis in clean, well ventilated workrooms. Perfect fitting and wear resisting, because the inside, the "Vitals," the very life of the garment, is carefully made, represents the expenditure of time and thought, and is a decided contrast to the tailoring seen in ordinary ready-to-wear Clothing. The Fabrics that we show are the very newest designs that will be seen this season. Many confined exclusively to us, in the face of the above facts. The most extraordinary feature combining our great offer is, that we can and do sell our Clothing at

## LESS MONEY

Than elsewhere. How can we afford to sell such high-grade Clothing for less money than elsewhere? Our answer is pure and simple: Ours is a modern store, constructed strictly on progressive plans. Our Clothing is sold on the smallest margin of profit, depending on a large volume of business. The more Clothing we sell, the greater our purchasing power the lower our prices, that's the story in a nutshell.

## COVINGTON & MITCHELL

RICHMOND - KENTUCKY

The Southern railway has set aside one million dollars for building an extension between Chattanooga, Tenn. and Stevens, Ala. The distance is 38 miles. An entrance into Chattanooga is now secured by the Southern over the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis. Two surveys have been made. One provides for a tunnel under Lookout Mt., and the other which would be longer, will be less expensive. The road will be built at once.—Louisville Commercial.

A number of students living in near by counties left for home Saturday and Monday on account of the small pox scare. Such people do not realize the foolishness of running away from a place where quarantine is established and going where, through carelessness, they are far more likely to be exposed to the disease. Dr. Cornelius is authority for the statement that there is no small-pox here now, and his judgment is surely good. Use proper precautions, be vaccinated, and you will be all right.

Geo. Noland, Rockland, O., says "My wife had piles forty years. De-Witt's Witch Hazel Salve cured her. It is the best salve in America." It heals everything and cures all skin diseases. S. E. Welch, Jr.

The livery men of Richmond recently held a private meeting and arranged a schedule of prices which have already gone into effect. The livery proprietors signed an agreement not to break any part of the schedule. The one doing so will have to forfeit a cool one hundred or so. The first thing to create a stir in town was the 25-cent charge for hitching a horse on county court days. On Monday morning farmers were notified of the new price and as a result some of them sought cheaper places than livery stables. This combination may not please the farmers but will please those who formed it. The livery men claim they cannot afford to hitch on public days for less.

Pantagraph.

TABLER'S BUCKEYE PILE OINTMENT is no panacea, but is recommended for Piles only. These it will cure. Price 50 cents in bottles; Tubes 75 cents. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Editor of the CITIZEN:

Please allow space for a few lines in regard to the students from Owensley at Berea College.

Old Owensley is well represented in Berea this winter, there being about 32 students here.

They are trying hard to improve their opportunities by being punctual in attendance and by being students. I am glad to say that our classes in White's Arithmetic and Review History, taught by Mr. Derthick, are a great success.

The Owensley students met recently and organized a "County Club," electing Mr. Derthick President, Taylor P. Gabbard, Vice-pres., Miss Nannie Reynolds, Sec., Leonard Peters, Treas., and Stephen Gabbard, Sr. A. A. The club meets every Friday from 4 to 5 P. M., and so far is a success.

The constitution providing for the election of honorary members, Miss Ellen Clark, G. A. Sizemore, and our teacher, Mrs. Putnam, have been elected to membership.

TAYLOR P. GABBARD.

Faults of Digestion cause disorders of the liver, and the whole system becomes deranged. HERBINE perfects the process of digestion and assimilation, and thus makes pure blood. Price 50 cents. S. E. Welch, Jr.



DIED WITHOUT PAIN.

Mr. John Smith, of Richmond, Ky., an honest, upright man, had a large jaw tooth and the nerve disease and he did not know it, consequently the death was without pain. His tooth then began to ache and his face began to swell. He went at once to Dr. Hobson, and he filled the tooth at once, the tooth, though dead, is as good now as ever and Mr. Smith is eating his meals on it three times a day and a tooth like this will last from 10 to 20 years and not cause any pain.

When your teeth ache or when you want any scientific, up-to-date advice about your teeth, see Dr. Hobson, next door to P. O., Richmond, Ky.

Solid gold teeth, \$5.50. Teeth extracted 25 cents. Examination free. Office open at night. All work guaranteed.

## Kodol

### Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps, and all other results of imperfect digestion. Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

S. E. WELCH, Jr.

E. C. Siggers, patent lawyer, Washington, D. C., has an advertisement in this issue about patents.

Are you restless at night, and harassed by a bad cough? Use COUSSEN'S HONEY OF TAR, it will secure you sound sleep, and effect a prompt and radical cure. Price 25 and 50 cents. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Marion Gadd, near Wildie, died last week.

Frequently accidents occur in the household, which cause burns, cuts, sprains and bruises. For use in such cases BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT has for many years been the constant favorite family remedy. Price 25 and 50 cents. S. E. Welch Jr.

Lynn Adams, while working for Laff Moore, near Berea, shot himself Monday through the right knee. It was another case of a pistol that was not loaded.

Children who are troubled with Worms are pale in the face, fretful by spells, restless in sleep, have blue rings around their eyes, bad dreams, variable appetite, and pick the nose. WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE will kill and expell these parasites. Price 25 cents. S. E. Welch, Jr.



### "JENNESS MILLER" SHOES

For Women

Are the Most Stylish  
Are the Most Durable  
Are the Most Perfect

Are for Young and Old  
Are sold only by Us

They Fit the Feet as  
Nature Intended

Accept No Other

DOUGLAS, BRIGHT & CO  
217 West Main St RICHMOND, KY

## The Berea Monument Co.

The result of good work and reasonable prices is that we now have customers in all parts of the State  
When you want

Anything in the monument line

Let us know and we will send you designs and prices

Headstones, \$6.00 up to any amount.

... Marble and Granite Monuments ...

At prices to suit the times. Material and work first-class.

JOHN HARWOOD, Prop. Berea, Ky.

## WORMS!

For 20 Years Has Led all Worm Remedies.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Prepared by JAMES F. BALLARD, St. Louis.

## WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE!

Most in Quantity. — Best in Quality.

GUARANTEED

### Until Further Notice

Subscribers to  
THE CITIZEN  
may get also

The Toledo Blade or  
The Louisville Commercial

For 50c a Year.  
All for \$1 00 a year.

### Don't Miss It

Come at Once

All subscriptions must come through THE CITIZEN.

### J. C. MORGAN,

Dental Surgery,  
Office Hours, 3 to 12 A. M.,  
1 to 3 P. M. National Bank Building  
Richmond, Ky.

### ATTENTION MILL MEN!

TRY our Small Dimension and Picket Mills for cutting Lath, Picket, Chair, and other Small Dimension Stock from the round block.  
Send for circulars.

### MODEL MACHINE WORKS

20 Ashland Ave. Lexington, Ky.  
Jan. 17-3m.)

### DENTAL SURGERY.

A. WILKES SMITH, D. D. S.  
Smith Building, Main Street,  
Richmond, Ky.  
Telephone, Residence, No 62, Office, No 60.

### PATENTS

DESIGNS  
TRADE MARKS  
AND COPYRIGHTS  
OBTAINED

ADVISE AS TO PATENTABILITY  
Notice in "Inventive Age"  
Book "How to obtain Patents"

Charges moderate. No fee till patent is secured.  
Letters strictly confidential. Address,  
E. C. SIGGERS, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

### SEND NO MONEY

WITH YOUR ORDER, cut this ad. out and send to us and we will send you OUR HIGH GRADE PROOF CABINET SEWING MACHINE, exactly as represented, equal to machines sold as high as \$60.00, and THE NEWEST HAND-MADE SEWING MACHINE, per Special Offer Price \$15.50

yearly freight agent. Machine weighs 120 pounds and the freight will average 10 cents for each 500 miles. GIVE IT THREE MONTHS TRIAL in satisfaction. We will return your \$15.50 any day you are not satisfied. We sell different makes and grades of Sewing Machines at \$2.50, \$10.00, \$11.00, \$12.00 and up, all fully described in our Free Sewing Machine Catalogue, but \$1.50 for this NEW HAND-MADE SEWING MACHINE, the greatest value ever offered by any house.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. by known concerns, offering inferior machines under various names, with various devices. Write some friend in Chicago and learn who are reliable and who are not. has every HUBBARD'S IMPROVED, STURTEVANT'S, and every other kind of fancy work. A 50-Year Binding Guarantee is sent with every machine. In so, and examine this machine, compare it with those your storekeeper sells at \$45.00 to \$60.00, and then if convinced that you are saving \$35.00 to \$45.00, pay your freight against the \$15.50. WE TO RETURN YOUR \$15.50 if at any time within three months you say you are not satisfied. Satisfy to SAT, DON'T DELAY. (Bears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.—Editor.)

Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.) Chicago, Ill.

### THE BURDICK

THE BURDICK

### CENTER STREET ART GALLERY

C. I. OGG, Proprietor.  
Up-to-Date Photos. Nothing But The Best Finish at the Lowest Prices.

### BURTON,

The Photographer,  
DEALER IN AMATEUR SUPPLIES  
Fine Photographs at Reasonable Prices  
Views about Berea a specialty.

### C. F. HANSON'S

LIVERY.

### You Want GOOD GLASSES

IF YOU WANT THEM AT ALL  
Glasses that are not properly adjusted to your eyes are actually dangerous. I know it, and you ought to know it. I will not attempt to suit glasses to your eyes until I know what is needed. Eyes examined free.

A Nice line of Novelties in JEWELRY.

T. A. ROBINSON, Jeweler and Optician.

### LEWIS A. DAVIS,

Medicine and Surgery  
Berea, Ky.  
Office in Hanson Bld.

### E. B. McCOY, Dentist,

Berea, Kentucky.



## THE HIGHEST BRANCHES.

The highest branches on the trees  
Know secrets of the sky.  
All night the stars in silent march  
Of starlight passing by.  
And shadowy breaths of mystery  
Unhindered draw near—  
From stranger lands, from unknown realms  
They bring a message clear.

All day the highest branches raise  
Their tiny hands to heaven,  
And unto pleading urgency  
Are happy answers given.  
From wandering clouds and azure sky,  
From sunbeams bright, they gleam  
The secrets of a wider world—  
The unseen and the seen.  
—Elizabeth French, in Springfield Republican.



[Copyright, 1905, by D. Appleton & Co.  
All rights reserved.]

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### CONCERNING MANY THINGS.

One short and desperate attempt was made to rescue him. About a dozen horsemen charged right at us, and for a moment it appeared as if they would succeed. But we were too strong, and although they inflicted severe loss on us, killing Bante Nere amongst others, they were cut down, all but one, who fled them. This man, seeing all was lost, and determined not to be taken himself, galloped to the quay, and striking his spurs home, leaped his horse far into the river, and made for the vessel. The stream was running fast and strong, but the good beast, despite his burden, struggled bravely against the flood. To relieve the horse, the cavalier, having torn off his morion, slipped from the saddle, and with his hand on the pommel, attempted manfully to swim beside the animal. The weight of his armor, however, bore him down. Twice his head sank below the water, twice he rose again and battled with the flood. Those on the ship made no effort to save him, and we on shore could do nothing. He had now, fighting every inch of his way, drifted astern of the vessel, and some one flung a rope at him. His hand reached out to clasp it, but missed, and then the under-current caught man and horse and dragged them down. He rose yet once again, his white despairing face turned towards us, and with a supreme effort of force, shook his clenched hand at me, and was gone.

So died Crepin D'Entragues, the death of a brave man, unyielding and fighting to the last. The yellow Tiber hissed in white foam over the spot where he sank. Perchance the mad currents dragged his body down to the slime of the river-bed, picked it up again in their swirl, tossed it in scorn from one to another, and finally flung it to rot on some lonely bank, where the gulls screamed above it, and the foxes of the Maremma gnawed at the rusty armor, and snapped and snarled over the white bones in the moonlight.

Everyone knows the history of the times, and it is not my intention to dilate on this, but merely to set down, without comment, those matters of state in which Fortune allowed me to play a part. When Cesare surrendered at Ostia the Borgias were broken for ever, and Valentino allowed, after a short confinement, to escape to Spain, where he died like a soldier. Now that the game was in their hands, the allies began to quarrel amongst themselves, the French king to drive away his opportunities in gayety, and the Venetians to step in, in their Most Serene way, and claim a share of the spoils for the Lion of St. Mark. Events moved quickly, the genius of the Great Captain won victory after victory for Spain, the death of Francis Piccolomini paved the way for the accession of Hovvare to the papacy as Julius II., and the Holy League was formed, by means of which the French were finally driven from Italy. Thus, in a few years, the work of D'Amboise was scattered to the winds, but long before that time I had sheathed my sword, and concerned myself no more with war.

But on the day that I surrendered my prisoner to D'Amboise and Orsini, the former already in thought sat in St. Peter's chair, and the latter, at the very least, imagined himself the Lord of the Romagna. I sent forward couriers, with the news of my success, to the cardinal, and ere we reached Malafede met with a return messenger from D'Amboise, bearing a brief note of congratulation, and adding that Colonna had made terms to evacuate the portions of the city he held. The messenger informed me that the Bailly of Caen had already entered Rome by the Porta Pia, and that, finding himself between two fires, old Fabian Colonna had made a virtue of necessity, and by yielding now reserved himself for another day. This enabled me to go back by an easier route than we had come, and as we rode through the Ostian gate, I could not help contrasting my present entry to the day when Jacopo and I had reined in our weary steeds to let the Borgia pass, and give his following the road. At the Ponte St. Angelo, I surrendered my prisoner to Orsini in person, and truly to tell the truth, but a few hours more to live, for Gentil Virginio had a long score to settle with the Borgia, and a longer memory for a wrong. The blood, too, of Paolo, whom Cesare strangled at Sinigaglia, and that of the Cardinal Orsini, whom he brutally murdered in Rome, called aloud for vengeance. Cesare himself seemed to be aware of this, for whereas up to now he had remained in a sullen silence, he found tongue to implore me, in the most servile manner, not to deliver him to Orsini, and when I told him I had no option, he tried to creep out of his litter, and lay his cap at the feet of his enemy. Orsini spoke nothing, merely ordering him to be borne to St. Angelo; but as the Borgia shrank back into his litter, he said with a grim smile that he trusted the duke would find his entertainment to his liking. How it happened that Cesare came off with a whole skin I never knew, but he did, as I have mentioned above, and it surprises belief. He turned out at the last, and the low blood showed in him; but he was one of those men who knew how to be thoroughly bad. Orsini took back his lances, saying he had need of them, so that it was with my own few men that I reached the Palazzo Corneto. I must except Bante Nere from this number, and I was truly sorry for his death, for he was an honest sword. The cardinal received me in the little chamber where we had supped with Machiavelli. He had thrown aside his clerical habit and was in mail, but wore his barretta on his head. He was more than kind, congratulating me heartily on my success, going so far as to say that by capturing Cesare I had given a kingdom to France. I then left him with further assurances of his good will towards me, and saw him no more for the day.

Towards the small hours of the next morning I was aroused from a deep sleep by Jaco-

po. Starting up, I inquired what was astir, and was told that Defaure, the page, was waiting to see me. I gave orders for his instant admission, and, on coming in, he informed me that his eminence desired my immediate attendance. Telling Jacopo to have Castor saddled, for I smelt work ahead, I flung myself into my clothes and hastened to D'Amboise's.

He had evidently not slept all night, and was pacing the room in agitation. "St. Dennis!" he burst out, as I entered, "do you know what they have done? The king holds a tourney at Arezzo instead of marching on at once. What is worse, he has granted an extension of the truce to Spain, and Tremouille and the rest of them are off to the jousts. They are making a May-day with those dunces you captured. By G—! they would dance away a kingdom."

"Your eminence has no doubt sent news of the capture of Cesare?"

"That was only yesterday, man," he snapped, "and De Brionnet is riding for his life to the king. But it is about this I sent for you," he went on, rapidly. "De Brionnet may come to harm. Here are other dispatches. Take them and follow him; awake him if you can. When can you start?"

"Now."

"Good—here are the papers. And this is for Tremouille. Adieu!"—and he held out his hand—"Monsieur le Comte."

I started a little at the last words which he uttered in French, but had not time to ask for explanation or make inquiry. I hurried to my apartments and found Castor ready. Bidding Jacopo to follow me, I gave Castor the rein and rode out of Rome. At Citta del Pieve I got my first news of De Brionnet. At Carona he was but two hours ahead of me, and when on the afternoon of the second day I reined in the staggering Castor at the gates of the Villa Accolti, where the king was, I saw in the courtyard a dead horse, his sides still bleeding from the spur marks, and judged that De Brionnet had barely beaten me by a head for all his 12 hours' start. So once again I had entered the Villa Accolti! And as I sprang to the ground, loosed the girths over Castor's heaving flanks, and resigned the reins to a willing groom who led the poor beast to rest, all the past came back to me with a vivid force, and I looked around, almost expecting to meet again the glances of scorn and contempt, to hear once more the hisses, the mockery, and the foul reproach of that day.

The cardinal was right enough when he said that high jinks were to be held. And the day seemed to be one of merry-making. Flags were flying from all parts of the villa, and the wide grounds were full of the followers of the court, and the townspeople either watching or engaged in sports of wrestling, archery and other games.

For the first time, however, the out-of-door amusement of the day came to an end with the dinner hour, and they were now disputing themselves within. From the open windows strains of music floated out, the sunlight and gay figures passed and repassed, or moved in and out of the balcony overhanging the grand entrance, which seemed, from the constant movement and the brilliant dresses of those who crowded thereon, to be like a bed of flowers stirring in the wind. As I came below the balcony, I did not dare to look up, but with my sword in the loop of my arm and my dispatches clenched in my right hand walked up the marble steps.

"Post from Rome! Post from the Lord Cardinal!"

The sonorous voice of the ushers pealed this out, and I found myself at the entrance to the gallery leading to the great hall where I had been tried.

"Not here, sir—to the left." My way was barred by an equerry in violet and gold.

"Not so, De Brionnet, the king receives these dispatches in person," and Bayard had linked his arm in mine.

"But, my lord!"

"I am the blame," and Bayard, blazing in full mail, led me through the gallery, whose sides were lined with the archers of the Scottish Guard. Archers in mail only now, and little as my time was, I could not forbear glancing at these fine troops, who, although few in number, bore an unequalled reputation for service in the field. The doors at the entrance to the hall, which were guarded by two gigantic men-at-arms, were opened only at fixed intervals to let people in and out, and by this means an attempt was made to avoid overcrowding. There were a considerable number of us, and, having to go slowly, we had time to exchange a few words.

"I suppose De Brionnet has passed in?" I asked; "he could only have just arrived, for his horse lies dead at the gates."

"I doubt it. All posts are received by De Vesci, whose wrath we are going to brave. If De Brionnet came in here direct, he was probably stopped and sent to the seneschal's apartments."

"If so, as he was the first comer, he should present the dispatches," I urged; "I bear but duplicates."

"There is no time to think of that now," replied Bayard, and as he spoke the doors unfolded, and in a crash of music and the murmur of voices, above which now and again trilled a peal of clear feminine laughter, we entered the hall. At first we were unobserved, for the interest of everyone was gathered to the center of the room, where to the strains of music a game of chess was being played with living figures. The king took part in it, and I had good reason for my lady. Arise, sir knight! He stretched forth his hand to aid me to my feet, and I stood up again, with my honor white, in the very hall, almost on the very spot, whence I had been cast out in ignominy and shame.

I could not speak—I was choked—my eyes were wet with tears. Seeing my emotion, Louis placed his hand kindly on my shoulder.

"Remember, Di Savelli," he said, "France needs you yet. To the minut, my lords and ladies—to the minut!"

And he turned down the hall, not waiting for my thanks. But friends sprang up everywhere. The first to give me her good wishes was Duchess de la Tremouille, then came the duke, old Ives d'Allegres, and others I can scarcely name. It was whilst in their midst that I saw a face I knew well, and Machiavelli came up.

"Late, but not the less warm in my congratulations," he said; "so the good ship is safe in port at last! We owe you too much for speech, and can never thank you enough."

"Your excellency is most kind. Is Lady Angela well?"

He was silent for a moment, and laughed to himself, as if something stirred him. "As well as ever she was," he answered at length, and added: "You must sup with us this evening. We lodge in the Borgo di San Vito, and never mind your attire. My wife longs to see you, and thank you in person."

Other friends coming up, our converse was brought to an end, and I managed to effect my escape, and take refuge in the pavilion of Bayard, who insisted on my being his guest. I would have willingly forgone the supper at the Borgo di San Vito, as I was weary; but having promised, borrowed a horse from my host, and set out. I reached the secretary's lodging punctually to the

"Is not monsieur aware," he said, in a harsh voice, speaking in French, "that papers for the king should be brought to me?"

"These are for the king's hand," I answered.

"It is enough. Give them to me," and he held forth his hand.

"I have said, my lord, that they are for his majesty's own hands."

Bayard, who was watching the game now drawing to a close, turned round at this, and, grasping the matter, cut in:

"Ciel! My lord, let the cavalieri deliver his packet. It will come to you soon enough. Take a holiday for once."

De Vesci frowned, and was about to make a hot answer, when there was a sudden shout and a clapping of hands, and Louis, who had won the game, came forward leading Mme. de la Tremouille in triumph. The last move was made but a few feet from us, and as the king faced round with his partner he caught sight of our group and called out as he advanced:

"Victory! We have won. Why those black looks, De Vesci? Come and congratulate us."

With an effort the seneschal smoothed his face. "Victory always attends your majesty, and with so fair a partner defeat would be impossible," and he bowed with a courtly grace; but the wrinkles of his frown were still on his forehead. The duchess grew red with pleasure at the compliment, and Louis clapped his hands like a boy.

"Excellent! Trust a courtier's lip for a soft speech," and then, observing me, "but what have we here?"

"From Rome, your majesty," and, dropping to my knee, I presented my papers, which the king took irresolutely in his hand.

"Diable!" he exclaimed, with an impatient gesture, "from my lord cardinal, no doubt?" And he glanced at me.

"Your majesty, and of the most vital importance," and I rose.

"I must read them, I suppose. A plague on the cardinal! We were just going to the minut."

"I will deal with the matter, sire. The papers should have come to me," and De Vesci, saying this in his harsh, grating voice, reached forth his hand. Usually a perfect master of his temper, he had somehow, for once, let it get the better of him; and his closing words and manner were almost those of command. Louis, though a brave man, had a weak nature and a hasty temper. A temper that was often aroused to fits of obstinacy, little short of madness. He caught the seneschal's tone, and perhaps also the suppressed smile that flickered on the faces of his courtiers. His forehead darkened. "You mistake, my lord, these papers come rightly to me," and, turning his back on the seneschal, he tore open the packet.

De Vesci stepped back, white to the lips, and the court gathered round the king in silence. Seeing Tremouille at hand, I made bold to step up to him and give him D'Amboise's note. He glanced at it, and, turning to me, said: "I gave my word, and it shall be kept. The honor of Tremouille is pledged."

I was at a loss to understand, but he had no time to think, for Louis suddenly called out: "Tremouille—Bayard—gentlemen! The Borgia is taken! Rome is ours!"

At once there was a buzz and a murmur of voices, in eager congratulation at the



"Take back your knighthood."

glad tidings. Standing alone and apart from all, I could barely see Louis, so closely did the court press around him; but it seemed that Tremouille was urging something on him, and the duchess too, for I caught the flash of jewels on her fingers, as in her eagerness she laid them on the king's arm. Then Bayard's deep voice came to me clearly: "If done, 'twere well done quickly, sire."

I did not exactly know what it happened; but I found myself kneeling before the king, who stood above me, his drawn sword in his hand.

"M. di Savelli," he said, "one king of France owed you his life, another all but owes you a kingdom. Wear again your cross. It was nobly won. Take back your knighthood." He laid the blade gently on my shoulder, "for God, for your king, for your lady. Arise, sir knight!" He stretched forth his hand to aid me to my feet, and I stood up again, with my honor white, in the very hall, almost on the very spot, whence I had been cast out in ignominy and shame.

I could not speak—I was choked—my eyes were wet with tears. Seeing my emotion, Louis placed his hand kindly on my shoulder.

"Remember, Di Savelli," he said, "France needs you yet. To the minut, my lords and ladies—to the minut!"

And he turned down the hall, not waiting for my thanks. But friends sprang up everywhere. The first to give me her good wishes was Duchess de la Tremouille, then came the duke, old Ives d'Allegres, and others I can scarcely name. It was whilst in their midst that I saw a face I knew well, and Machiavelli came up.

"Late, but not the less warm in my congratulations," he said; "so the good ship is safe in port at last! We owe you too much for speech, and can never thank you enough."

"Your excellency is most kind. Is Lady Angela well?"

He was silent for a moment, and laughed to himself, as if something stirred him. "As well as ever she was," he answered at length, and added: "You must sup with us this evening. We lodge in the Borgo di San Vito, and never mind your attire. My wife longs to see you, and thank you in person."

Other friends coming up, our converse was brought to an end, and I managed to effect my escape, and take refuge in the pavilion of Bayard, who insisted on my being his guest. I would have willingly forgone the supper at the Borgo di San Vito, as I was weary; but having promised, borrowed a horse from my host, and set out. I reached the secretary's lodging punctually to the

hour, and was received by Gian, who, after a respectful inquiry concerning my health, ushered me into an apartment, where, on entering, I found myself alone. I had to wait some little time, and, wondering at the strangeness of my reception, I walked towards a window overlooking the private gardens of the house. As I reached it, I heard the rustle of trailing garments, and turning round beheld Angela before me. She came up with outstretched hands, and I took them in mine, and looked into her eyes. Then I found words; they came to every man at the right time, and I spoke. She made no answer as I pleaded my cause, and, fearing the worst, I dropped her hands, with a bitter reproach against my age and my scarred face. When I had done she remained still, with her eyes down, and there was a silence. Then she looked up again.

"Di Savelli," and her voice was very low, "you say your face is scarred by wounds. De you know, cavalieri, I would I were a man, that I too might bear wounds on my face, and looking in my mirror, see how they became me." And the rest concerns not anyone.

We were married before the end of the truce, and on my wedding day I received from his majesty the king the patents of the county of Fresnoy, in Guienne, a distinction that was extended to me in Italy, by his holiness Pope Pius III., who, on my purchasing a portion of my ancestral estates back from Amilcar Chigi, confirmed to me the title in my native land. But the gift I value most, and all was a tair of Amalfi, to which, still clinging to the gold link, by which it had been attached to a bracelet. And this was from my wife.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### MY LORD, THE COUNT.

Portion of a letter from the Countess di Savelli to her cousin Vittoria Ordelaffi of Forli.

It is, as you know, gentle cousin, six years since my lord, having lost his sword-arm at the storming of Santa Croce, retired to his castle of Aquila in the Sabine mountains and ceased to help further in stirring the times. In truth, he has yielded to my wish in this matter, and although, in the war of the Holy League, he was offered a command, Di Savelli, at my entreaty, refused the honor.

The count, my lord, is well, but his wounds troubling him in the winter he may no longer follow the wolf in our mountains, yet still hunts the stag in the Ciminian forests of our kinsman, Amilcar Chigi, to whom we have been reconciled and whom we visit yearly.

Last winter we spent in France, at the chateau of Seigneur de Bayard, which lies on the Garonne, and met there, amongst others, Mme. de la Tremouille, who is now a widow, the duke having died of a tertian ague at Milan. There also was a very gay and noble gentleman, Viscompte de Brionnet, who avers that my lord owes him a county for having forestalled him in bearing to the king the news of the surrender of Borgia. My lord of Bayard, whom the count thinks above all men, visits us in the autumn; and, gentle cousin, come you too for we are to have a house full. The children are well, and Ugo grows a strong boy, but willful. He has his father's features, but my eyes. They have just gone a riding, my lord on his great war horse Castor and Ugo on his little white pony, bred on our farm in the Bergamasque. I see them as I write, going down the avenue.

Your namesake, Vittoria, sends you a hundred kisses, and bids you come and be heartily welcome. I send this by a sure hand, that of my lord's esquire, Messer Jacopo Jacopi, a faithful servant and a good sword, though his tongue be ever wagging. Give him an answer, to say you are coming.

## THE END.

### Careless Writers.

"Yes," said the editor, as he put his gumbush into the ink bottle, and tried to paste on a clipping with his pen, "yes, the great fault of newspaper contributors is carelessness."

"Indeed," he continued, as he dropped the copy he had been writing into the waste basket and marked "editorial" across the corner of a poem entitled "An Ode to Death," contributors are terribly careless.

"You must be surprised," said he, as he clipped out a column of fashion notes and labeled them "farm," "to see the slipshod writing that comes into the editorial sanctum."

"Misspelled, unpunctuated, written on both sides of the sheet, illegible, ungrammatical stuff. Contributors are terribly careless. They are—"

Just then the office boy came in with that dictatorial and autocratic manner he has, and demanded more copy, and the editor handed him the love letter he had just written to his sweetheart—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### A Good Excavator.

Conan Doyle recently addressed the following amusing letter to a member of the Ormeau Golf Club, with reference to a concert held by the club, at which one of the "Songs of Action" was recited: "My Dear Sir: Pray present my compliments to the Ormeau Golf club, and wish them from me a very happy evening. I am myself an intermittent golfer, getting very violent at tacks at regular intervals. It usually takes me about two months to convince myself that I shall ever be any good, and then I give it up until a fresh burst of energy sets me trying once more. I played in Egypt until they told me that excavators had to pay a special tax. I inaugurated a private course in Vermont also, and the Yankee farmers asked us what we were boring for. If ever the Ormeau club should wish any part of their links returned I could undertake in a few games to clear away any sod now existing."—Troy Times.

### Black Images of the Madonna.

The natural explanation of the circumstances of black images of the Madonna is that certain woods become blacker with age, the smoke from the votive lamps occasionally helping the process. In several cases, as at Prigny, the images have been blackened by the fumes from conflagration. It is possible that some of the oldest are imported figures of Isis. The question as to whether the Virgin herself was brunette or blond opens a wide field of discussion, but the balance of argument perhaps lies against the statement that the text, "I am black (afflicted?) but comely," was a reference to the Virgin and in favor of the idea that these images are intended to be worshipped. In spite of their swarthyness and not of account of it. Their very color, however, attracts pilgrims.—Notes and Queries.

Our Increased Trade with China.  
Bagdad can no longer compete with us in the shipment of many products to China. Our trade with the Chinese has increased almost forty per cent. within the last year. This is merely natural. The best wins in everything. For a like reason, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the best remedy in the country, has for fifty years acknowledged no superior to cure constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia and biliousness.

### He Was Satisfied.

A married couple who are in the habit occasionally going out at night to entertainments and social affairs, at such times make themselves solid with their little boy by saying that they are going out to see a sick man. One week these social affairs came pretty frequently. On Monday night they went to the theater, and told the lad that they had to sit up with the sick man. Tuesday night they went out to visit a neighbor, and explained that they were going to give some medicine to the man who was sick. On Wednesday night they proposed to attend an entertainment, and apologized to the young chap by saying they had to put a plaster on the sick man's back to draw out the pain. "Papa," asked the youth, "is the sick man in much pain?" "Very much, my son." "And is he pretty near dead?" "Yes, he is in bad shape." The lad thought deeply for awhile, and then remarked: "Well, papa, he can't die any too soon to suit me."—Memphis Scimitar.

### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. West & Traut, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

### Hall's Family Pills are the best.

### Low Temperature.

Teacher—What happens when a man's temperature goes down as far as it can go? Smart Scholar—He has cold feet, ma'am. —Boston Christian Register.

## "Do Not Burn the Candle At Both Ends."

Don't think you can go on drawing vitality from the blood for nerves, stomach, brain and muscles, without doing something to replace it. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives nerve, mental and digestive strength by enriching and vitalizing the blood. Thus it helps overworked and tired people.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Never Disappoints

### A Side Show.

The gentlemen engaged in spreading a knowledge of the Pan-American exposition in Buffalo in the year 1901 have certainly a sufficient idea of its importance. They speak of the catarract of Niagara falls as an "accessory attraction."—Western Electrician.

### Mid-Winter Festivals.

The C. H. & D. Ry. will make a half fare rate for the round trip from all stations to New Orleans, La., and Mobile, Ala., for the grand Mardi Gras Carnival in February. The entertainments will be more novel this year than ever at New Orleans. Electricity will be employed exclusively for motive power in the parade, for lighting, flambeaux, floats, etc. Tickets on sale February 19 to 26 inclusive, limited to return March 15, 1900. Call on nearest C. H. & D. Agent for tickets and information.

### Paradoxical.

"Bridget," said the mistress to her sick servant, "would you take a little medicine?" "Faith, ma'am," said she, "I'd take anything to make me well, even if I knew 'twould kill me."—Philadelphia Record.

### An All-Year Resort.

The Crescent Hotel, Eureka Springs, Ark., opens March 1, 1900. A most desirable, attractive and convenient resort for health and pleasure seekers. Ideal climate, pure sparkling water, best accommodations. Through Sleepers via Frisco Line. Write for particulars to Manager Hotel or to any representative of Frisco Line.

The baker gets crusty himself when his bread doesn't pan out well.—Golden Days.

# Sleep for Skin-Tortured Babies



# In a Warm Bath with Cuticura SOAP

And a single anointing with CUTICURA, purest of emollients and greatest of skin cures. This is the purest, sweetest, most speedy, permanent, and economical treatment for torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin and scalp humors with loss of hair, of infants and children, and is sure to succeed when all other remedies fail.

## Millions of Women Use Cuticura Soap

Exclusively for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and chafings, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, and especially mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once used it to use any other, especially for preserving and purifying the skin, scalp, and hair of infants and children. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate emollient properties derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients and the most refreshing of flower odors. No other medicated or toilet soap ever compounded is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, viz., TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, the best skin and complexion soap, the best toilet soap and best baby soap in the world.

**Cuticura** Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor, consisting of CUTICURA SOAP (25c.), to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA OINTMENT (50c.), to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT (50c.), to cool and cleanse the blood. A STRONG RESOLVENT is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, and humbling skin, scalp, and blood humors, with loss of hair, when all else fails. **THE SET, \$1.25** CUTICURA, Sole Preps., Boston, U. S. A. "All about the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," free.







Extracts from Mr. Roberts' Book.

In the light of recent statements made by Mr. Roberts to the House of Representatives as to his views on Mormonism, it is interesting to read the following letter which shows the real views of the man as expressed in his book, "A New Witness for God." This letter was written by Miss Helen Gould to Dr. Josiah Strong and we are glad to be able to present it to our readers.

New York, December 18, 1899.  
Dr. Josiah Strong, President League for Social Service. DEAR SIR:—A short time ago I received "with the compliments of the writer" a pamphlet entitled "Plural Marriage and the Manifesto." The Tribune and the Kinsman Answered," by Mr. Nathan Tanner, Jr. The book is an argument for polygamy, and closes with the following paragraphs:

"The practice of plural marriage is not only not immoral or hurtful in its consequences, but it has produced the greater number of distinguished men, and it has providentially happened that there are from Utah in the councils and service of the United States, and in this State, and at the head of business concerns, a greater percentage of polygamic sons than there are of monogamic sons."

"In the council of the nation is that distinguished Senator, Hon. Frank J. Cannon. In the army are Chaplain Elder Elias S. Kimball, Col. Willard Young, of the Corps of Engineers in the late war with Spain; Capt. Richard W. Young, who with his men, dragged by hand their cannon through the mud and rain and did such noble work at Manila. In the navy are the rapid fire guns, the invention of John M. Browning of Ogden. In the State is Governor Wells. In ecclesiastical circles are three or four of the Twelve Apostles; two or three of the First Council of the Seventies, Presidents of States and foreign missions, Bishops, High Counsellors, etc., all of whom are the peers of their fellows. Hence plural marriage, instead of being the awful thing it is by some represented to be, stands the test of the highest standard of morality, and its fruits are quite equal to monogamy."

"How long will Christian men and women in this day of enlightened thought cast away their reason, and in mad frenzy continue to fight against a principle bearing such fruit and having the unqualified approval of divinity? I am told that Mr. Tanner is at present in disfavor with the Mormon Church, but not on the ground of any lack of orthodoxy in his religious belief, and this little pamphlet was written in 1898 or the fore part of 1899."

I desire, however, to call your attention particularly to "A New Witness for God," by Brigham H. Roberts, as it has the endorsement of the Mormon Church and was published by George Q. Cannon & Sons Company, in 1895. As you know, George Q. Cannon is one of their three great leaders. You will find chapter thirty on man's place in the universe very important, for it gives so clearly the Mormon point of view. I wish I might quote the whole chapter for you, but perhaps it will be better for me simply to give you an idea of the contents, and you can best judge for yourself whether it will be advisable for you to procure a copy.

Mr. Brigham H. Roberts advances the theory that spirits of men before they tabernacled in bodies of flesh and bone on this earth had an existence with God in another world; God is the father of their spirits, Jesus Christ being the first born. We have also a mother in heaven. On page 460 Mr. Roberts says: "The prophet also taught that the relation formed in this life was intended to be eternal, not excluding that of husband and wife, with all its endearing affections. He taught that the marriage covenant which binds man and woman as husband and wife should be made for eternity, and not until 'death doth them part.'"

He then goes on to say: "I wish to be perfectly understood here. Let it be remembered that the Prophet Joseph Smith taught that man—that is, his spirit, is the offspring of Deity; not in any mystical sense, but actually; that man has not only a Father in heaven, but a mother also. And when I say that the prophet taught that the resurrection is a reality, that the relationship of husband and wife is intended to be eternal, together with all its endearing affections, I mean all that in its most literal sense. I mean that in the life to come man will build and inhabit, eat, drink, associate, and be happy with his friends; and that the power of endless increase will contribute to the power and dominion of those who attain by their righteousness unto these privileges."

Speaking of the power of forever adding to his posterity, Mr. Roberts continues: "It is one of the chief means of man's exaltation and glory in

that great eternity, which like an endless vista stretches out before him! Through it man attains to the glory of the endless increase of eternal lives, and the right of presiding as priest and patriarch, king and lord over his ever-increasing posterity. Instead of the commandment, 'Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth' being an unrighteous law, it is one by means of which the race of the Gods is perpetuated, and is as holy and pure as the commandment 'Repent and be baptized.' Through that law, in connection with an observance of all the other laws of the gospel, man will yet attain unto the power of the Godhead, and like his Father—God—his chief glory will be to bring to pass the eternal life, the happiness of his posterity."

Next Mr. Roberts argues that it is possible for men to become Gods, and he quotes from the prophet Joseph Smith to show that the God whom we worship was once a man:

"God himself was once as we are now, and is an exalted Man and sits enthroned in yonder heavens. That is the great secret."

"Here, then, is eternal life—to know the only wise and true God, and you have got to learn how to become Gods yourselves, and to be kings and priests to God, the same as all Gods have done before you—namely, by going from one small degree to another, and from a small capacity to a greater one, from grace to grace, from exaltation to exaltation, until you attain to the resurrection of the dead, and are able to dwell in everlasting burnings and to sit in glory, as do those who sit enthroned in everlasting power."

(From a discourse preached by Joseph Smith at Nauvoo, April 7th, 1844. Millennial Star, vol xxi, pp. 245-248.)

"But if God the Father was not always God, but came to his present exalted position by degrees of progress as indicated in the teachings of the prophet, how has there been a God from all eternity? The answer is that there has been and there now exists an endless line of Gods, stretching back into the eternities, that had no beginning and will have no end. Their existence runs parallel with endless duration, and their dominions are as limitless as boundless space."

Can one imagine a lower or more materialistic conception of spiritual things?

Below I quote the advertisement of the work to show you it has the approval of the Mormon Church:

"A New Witness for God. A work of 486 pages, treating of the divinity of the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith. The Committee appointed by the First Presidency to read the manuscript of this work before it was published—viz., Elders Franklin D. Richards, George Reynolds, and John Jaques—say in their report: "Your committee, to whom you referred the consideration of Elder B. H. Roberts' new work, entitled "A New Witness for God," respectfully represent that they have read it with care and believe it to be a valuable addition to our Church literature. They find nothing therein calling for adverse criticism, but to the contrary find that it is orthodox and consistent with our teachings. There is harmony in its chapters which gives much strength to its arguments, all of which point directly to the evidences, first of the need of a New Witness for God, and next that Joseph the Prophet was that witness. The truths are emphasized on lines of reasoning different from those common to our elders which carries to the work a freshness and an interest that will, we think, attract students and develop in our youth and others an increased love for the study of the great Latter-day work. Brother Roberts' work collates and condenses a large amount of useful and important information, historical and theological, which is often not readily accessible to the Elders and members of the Church, but which tends to broaden their views and enlarge and enlighten their understanding of various vital matters connected with the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Wishing you success in your efforts to have our people more thoroughly informed on the Mormon question, I remain, very truly, HELEN GOULD.

The Counties.

Jackson County. Collingsworth.

We are having plenty of rain this week.

Measles are at large in this part of the country.

The small-pox scare is about over in these parts.

Several of our citizens went to Richmond last week.

J. M. Coyle, of Locust Branch, was here this week buying hogs.

Several nice droves of cattle passed through here going to Richmond court last week.

Samuel Standoffer of Clover Bottom, passed through here enroute for Perry on a visit.

The new subscribers to the CITIZEN from this place have received their paper and are well pleased with it.

We are hearing from some of our boys in the Philippines; they say they are in good health and well satisfied.

Perry McCollum, of Indian Creek, has returned from Garrard, where he has been to see his brother-in-law, Elisha Johnson, who is sick.

Evergreen.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lake is better.

Dr. Rose has a new supply of goods on hand.

Hurt is cutting staves for J. W. Lake on Horse Lick.

Captain Smith has a lot of new goods at W. D. McGuire's old store.

Miss Katie Lake and her brother Bradley have been very sick with the measles, but are improving slowly.

W. T. Short arrested Mary J. Rose for making moonshine. Her trial will be held at Mt. Vernon Thursday.

Edward Lake and wife are rejoicing over the arrival of a fine girl baby which makes just twelve in the family.

Everybody is rejoicing because the United States marshals have been in on Horse Lick. We hope they will get some of the law-breaking boys.

Tyner.

The school here under the instructions of James H. Jones, is progressing nicely.

Mr. Hays and two other gentlemen passed through here on their way to Burning Springs from Berea.

James H. Moore, of this place, left for Texas where he will spend the winter. We hope him a successful journey.

There is a larger number of schools being taught in our county this winter with a larger number of attendance and under better instruction than ever before. A larger number of boys and girls are attending schools in other counties from this county.

Buck Creek.

Mrs. Nannie Kincaid, who has been very low with fever, is improving.

We have had a good rain and the people are very much in hopes of a tide.

Misses Sallie and Phebe Isaacs of Wild-dog are visiting relatives on Buck Creek this week.

Nellie Brandenburg and Rebecca Mainous were the guests of Alice and Nettie Tredway, Saturday and Sunday.

Rev. W. D. Smith, of Berea, has been visiting his many friends at this place the past week. We were glad to have Mr. Smith with us.

There is now a Post-office at Needmore, name Vincent, in honor of Vincent Boreing, of London, Ky., and still they need more.

Our worthy Superintendent, J. B. Spence, visited the Elk Lick school, Tuesday. He seemed to be pleased with the good work being done in school.

Clay County.

Grace.

Hog buyers paid 3 cents here last week.

W. H. Murray has received a new stock of goods.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Ben Hacker, a girl; to Mr. and Mrs. John Handley, a girl; to Mr. and Mrs. L. B. McDaniel, a boy.

C. W. Bowlin arrested Daniel Parker, Morgan Bowman, Ab. Bowlin, and J. W. Bowlin, last Saturday week, for shooting in J. W. Benge's house.

Onedia.

Born, to Hugh Bowman and wife, a boy.

Married, George Powder and Miss Lucy Hensley.

R. T. Burns bought a fine mule of John Campbell.

THE HOME.

Edited by Mrs. KATE U. PUTNAM, teacher in Berea College.

Our Good Side and Our Bad.

There is a good side and a bad side to every man. We see only the good side of some man, and we wonder that he is not esteemed by all as we esteem him. We see only the bad side of another man, and we are surprised that others prize him as we cannot. We are right and we are wrong in both cases. Both men have both sides, and we ought to recognize this in our estimate of them. It is with ourselves as with our fellows; we have a good side and a bad side, and those about us are likely to judge us by the one side or the other. It will be well for us if we gain a lesson from the judgment of others as to our two sides. It ought to help us to make progress in the right direction, and to repress the faults and defects for which others judge us harshly.—Sunday-School Times.

Sugar and Sunshine.

Bay City, Michigan, has one of the largest beet-sugar factories in the United States, and it is the best one this side of Germany.

It is a wonderful process, this sugar-making, from the ripening and planting of the seed, the culture of beets, digging the vegetables and their manipulation in the factory, to the two spoonfuls of the beautifully granulated sugar which you put in your coffee on Sunday morning.

To think this sour old world has sugar in her heart! And it tickles our farmers since they have found it out.

Sugar-makers and beet-growers have also found it out. If the vegetables are dug during a protracted spell of cloudy weather, then the beets yield a comparatively small per cent of saccharine matter. If, however, they are gathered when the days are all sunshine, then is the output of sugar very largely increased.

Take a lesson, my friend, from a homely thing—a sugar-beet. Dwell continually in the blessed sunshine of God's righteousness. Then will the little children delight in your presence, and the world shall know that you have been with Jesus.—Charles H. Dorris.

Sufficient Unto the Day.

In accomplishing your day's work you have simply to take a step at a time. To take that step wisely is all that you need think about. If I am climbing a mountain, to look down makes me dizzy; to look too far up may make me tired and discouraged. Take no anxious thought for the morrow. There is not a child of God in this world strong enough to stand the strain of to-day's duties and all the load of to-morrow's anxieties piled up on top of them. We have a perfect right to ask our Heavenly Father for strength equal to the day; but we have no right to ask him for one extra ounce of strength for anything beyond it. When the morrow comes, grace will come with it sufficient for its tasks or for its troubles.—Theodore L. Cuyler.

Daniel Burns sold six head of cattle recently for \$190.

R. F. Burns and wife are the proud parents of a fine daughter.

Mrs. Catherine Guyot, of Doorway, has been visiting friends here.

Price Combs and sister, Mrs. Eliza Combs, are visiting relatives here.

Robert Hacker has finished logging, and has taken his cattle to Richmond.

William Allen and Henry Wilson, of Maulden, visited friends and relatives here recently.

One of Sam Burn's boys was thrown from a horse and had his arm broken in two places.

A. H. Burns has been trying to buy Daniel and Dudley Burns' logs at the mouth of the creek.

Rockcastle County.

Withers.

John Magee is doing a good timber business here.

Fred Mullins has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Brown, at Level Green.

Alf Owens is moving his sawmill farther down the branch of Horse Creek.

The CITIZEN has not been well represented here lately, but hope to do better.

Sherman Swinford and James Hammond have been visiting friends and relatives here.

Your correspondent is trying to get several of the boys to come with him to Berea to school next fall.

Madison County.

Dreysus.

Rev. James Young is ill.

Several persons from here attended County court last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hill are rejoicing over the advent of a sweet baby girl—Cecil Dudley.

Little Margaret Riddle, while playing around an open grate, fell and burnt her hand very severely.

Curtis Benge, who has been residing in Centerville, Ohio for the

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

THE SCHOOL.

Edited by Mrs. ELIZA H. YOCUM, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

I am sure that I need make no apology for giving entire this pretty little poem by Alice Cary:

A Fable of Cloud-land.

Two clouds in the early morning  
Come sailing up the sky—  
'Twas summer, and the meadow-lands  
Were brown and baked and dry.

And the higher cloud was large and  
And of a scornful mind [black,  
And he sailed as if he turned his back  
On the smaller one behind.

At length, in a voice of thunder,  
He said to his mate so small,  
"If I wasn't a bigger cloud than you  
I wouldn't be one at all!"

And the little cloud that held her  
So low along the sky, [place  
Grew red, then purple in the face,  
And then she began to cry!

And the great cloud thundered out  
As loud as loud could be, [again  
"Lag lowly still, and cry if you will,  
I'm going to go to sea!"

"The land don't give me back a smile,  
I will leave it to the sun,  
And will show you something worth  
[your while  
Before the day is done!"

So off he ran without a stop,  
Upon his sea voyage bent  
And he never shed a single drop  
On the dry land as he went.

And directly came a rumble  
Along the air so dim;  
And then a crash, and then a dash,  
And the sea had swallowed him!

"I don't make any stir at all,"  
Said the little cloud with a sigh,  
And her tears began like rain to fall  
On the meadows parched and dry.

And over the rye and the barley  
They fell and fell all day,  
And soft and sweet on the fields of  
Till she wept her heart away. [wheat,

And the bean flowers and the buck  
They scented all the air, [wheat,  
And in the time of the harvest  
There was bread enough and to spare.

I know a man like that great cloud,  
As much as he can live, [der-cloud  
And he gives his alms with thun-  
Where there is no need to give.

And I know a woman who doth  
Where praise comes not at all, [keep  
Like the modest cloud that could  
Because she was too small. [but weep

The name of one the poor will bless  
When her day shall cease to be,  
And the other will fall as profitless  
As the cloud did in the sea.

past six months, is now at home with his parents.

J. S. Ogg bought of Judge Million a sawmill which he will operate soon on the I. Todd farm. Mr. Ogg anticipates success with his mill.

The twelve-year-old son of James O. Jones died Saturday morning of consumption. Rev. Lunsford, of Wallaceton, conducted the funeral services at the grave. The bereaved family has the sympathy of the community.

Washington County. Springfield.

Katie Johnson is ill with pneumonia.

Rev. L. A. McCoy returned to Cane Springs last Sunday evening.

George Ray lost a fine bird dog last night. It is thought some one poisoned it.

Charles McElroy, who has been in Louisville for some time, has returned home to stay.

H. Goodloe and Miss Lena Jones were married at the Springfield Hotel, last Monday Night.

Rev. Austin, the woman preacher, is here for a few days conducting religious services at the A. M. E. Zion church.

Henry Davidson, who works for the firm of Simms and Mayes, Undertakers, went to Willsburg last Thursday on account of a funeral.

Owsley County.

Sturgeon.

Robert Evans, who has been very low with fever, is convalescing slowly.

Stevens Neeley lost his little son Claiborn several days ago, from pneumonia.

Z. M. Margrains' little girl has been quite sick of pneumonia, but is some better.

J. T. Neeley has sold two of his horses to Lee Congleton for \$150 to finish payment on his land.

M. A. Holcomb, of Burning Springs School, gave Owsley a short visit in the interest of that institution, last week. He speaks well of that school and its natural advantages.

THE FARM.

Edited by S. C. MASON, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

How to Prevent Oat Smut.

As the time draws near for sowing oats it is well for every farmer to think whether he would prefer to raise clean oats or to lose a fourth of his crop by smut. He can have his choice at the cost of a few cents a bushel on the seed sown.

Oat smut, like the corn smut, is a fungous plant or parasite which grows within the grain of the host plant. Such have no real blossoms and seeds but propagate by means of spores, minute living germs of the fineness of flour or dust. These spores may lie dormant for a long time and then spring into activity under favorable conditions, usually those of warmth and moisture.

In the case of oats the spores, so small as not to be noticed, may be on the sound grain sown for seed, ready to germinate with the grain and so produce more smut in the crop that grows. A number of years ago a Swedish scientist found that if smutty grains are treated with hot water the spores will be killed at a temperature still not high enough to injure the grain.

As almost all seed oats contain enough smut grains to damage the crop greatly if the year is favorable for their development, the safe way is for the farmer to treat his seed grain just previous to sowing. The necessary outfit consists of two good-sized kettles or boilers, a split basket or two, tight enough to hold oats, and yet admit water readily, or a frame covered with wire fly screen is better yet, and lastly, a barrel for cold water, and a good thermometer, and a watch or clock. A temperature of 132-135 degrees F. for about ten minutes will kill the smut spores and not injure the grain, but a little higher than that or a longer exposure will destroy the germinating power of the grain too, so we must proceed carefully. Have one of the kettles filled with water at 110-120 degrees and the other at 132-135 degrees. The basket should not contain nearly as much grain as water or it will cool it too much. Dip the covered basket into the cooler kettle and out several times, a minute at a time, whirling it a little to get the grain all exposed to the water and well moistened. Then dip into the hotter water in the same way, being sure of the temperature; if it goes above 135 degrees add cold water at once, if it falls below 132 degrees add hot water. Do not keep the grain in the hotter water more than about ten minutes. Then take out and dip in cold water after which spread out to dry. If the seed is to be sown soon it will not need to be thoroughly dried. This may seem some to a good deal of trouble but the farm will make no better wages during the entire year than while doing this. He may count on his pay in the gain in the yield of his oats.

Watch next week's issue for directions for preventing scabby potatoes by another method of treating seed.

S. D. Evans and son will soon start their saw-mill. There is quite a number of logs in the yard and their lumber is much needed by those who contemplate building and repairing.

A. J. Alumbaugh has sold his farm and house plunder and will, in a few days, visit his brother John at Drip Rock. In the early spring will go to his son, J. W. Alumbaugh, in Texas.

Conkling.

T. J. Flanery moved Robert Beard to Long's Creek.

Miss Kieper has been quite sick, but is better now.

Married, on the 26th ult., Mary Margaret Glen to Monroe Clyde, of Anglin Branch; also Miss Laura Sandlin to Andy Edwards.

A heavy rain Sunday caused a broad smile on the face of the logmen, but it has given place to a look of despair as the long-looked-for tide never came.

It was the privilege of your correspondent, last week, to spend a night at a home where there had been a "working" that day. After supper the things were cleared away, huge logs were piled on the broad fire-place, and in the dim and flaring light of a "fatty" pine torch, all gathered around for an evening's entertainment. The "shack, shack" of a cotton gin, operated by a small girl and boy, was heard, while the home-made banjo furnished its merry accompaniment as different members of the party took a turn on the floor, executing terpsichorean features that were by no means ungraceful. Even the children, the least tot, were induced to show "how they could dance." The mother, on a low seat under the torch, plied the cards briskly, and the "fluffy" rolls of cotton were piled high on the head of the spinning wheel, and deftly drawn into threads by the untiring fingers of the eldest girl, while another set of cards was operated by the grandmother, seventy years of age, preparing the soft white bats for quilting purposes, which every thrifty mountain housewife prefers to use. The old lady's expression, in comparing it to the "fotched on stuff at the stores" was, "it puffs just like yeast, and is so soft and spongy like." Such is the happy simple life in one valley.

A BOON TO MANKIND!

DR. TABLER'S BUCKEYE



A New Discovery for the Certain Cure of INTERNAL and EXTERNAL PILES, WITHOUT PAIN.

CURES WHERE ALL OTHERS HAVE FAILED.  
TUBES, BY MAIL, 75 CENTS; BOTTLES, 50 CENTS.  
JAMES F. BALLARD, Sole Proprietor, 310 North Main Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.